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Poetry.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

BY KENNETH.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Troughing, grudging, mowing—
Hands and feet, and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet there's lustre in his eye
Borrowed from yon glowing sky,
And there's a meaning in his glance
That speaks no dreamer's fancy;
For his mind has precious lore,
Gleaned from nature's sacred store.

Telling up yon weary hill,
He has worked from early morning,
Ease and rest, and pleasure soaring,
And he's at his labor still—
Through the slanting western beam
Quivering on the gleamy stream,
And yon old elm's long shadow
Flung across the verdant meadow,
Till that shadow twilight grey
Cannot now be far away.

See! he stops and wipes his brow,
Marks the sun's descending—
Marks his shadow far extending—
Deems it time to quit the plough.
Weary man and weary steel
Welcome food and respite need;
'Tis the hour when bird and bee
Seek repose and why not he?
Nature loves the twilight blast,
Let us toil worn ploughman rest!

Ye, who nursed upon the breast
Of ease and pleasure envying,
Ever new delights creating,
Which long retain their zest
Ere upon your taste they fall,
What avail your pleasures all?
In his hard but pleasant labor,
He, your useful, faithful neighbor,
Finds enjoyment, rest, and true,
Vainly sought by such as you.

Nature's open volume lies,
Richly taught, brightly beaming,
With its varied lessons teeming,
All outspread before his eyes.
Dewy glades and opening flowers,
Emerald meadows, ferns and bowers,
Sun and shade, and bird and bee,
Fount and forest, hill and lea,
All things beautiful and fair,
His benignant teachers are.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Troughing, grudging, mowing—
Hands and feet, and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet 'tis health and wealth to him,
Strength of nerve and strength of limb,
Light and fervor in his glance,
Life and beauty in his features;
Learned and happy, brave and free,
Who so proud and blest as he!

Agriculture.

APPLES which are undoubtedly a native
of the Eastern hemisphere and known in
the days of Pliny as *Epirataea* were intro-
duced into America in 1639. Governor
Winthrop in 1632 planted an orchard on
Governor's Island in Boston harbor and the
Pilgrims soon after their arrival planted
apple trees at Plymouth.

The Rev. William Blackstone in 1636
planted the first orchard in Rhode Island
at Study Hill near Pawtucket, and culti-
vated the apple known as the "Yellow Sweet-
ing."

There is now standing in full vigor at
Mount Airy, Maryland, a "Coddling Tree,"
which was sent, more than a century ago,
from England by Charles, Lord Baltimore,
to his son Benedict Calvert.

Although there is a large variety of win-
ter apples, the Rhode Island Greening is
appreciated in all parts of the country as
one of the best. It suffers less from hot
summers and is quite free from disease,
seldom affected by blight and a great and
sure bearer in most localities.

CABBAGES.—The value of cabbages for
feeding, especially dairy stock, is probably
greater than is usually supposed. The field
cultivation of this plant is much on the
increase among the farmers of Great Brit-
ain. The amount of nutritious matter
which is capable of being raised from an
acre of land under cabbage, is comparative-
ly with most other crops, very large, and
with an extended knowledge of this fact,
the cultivation of it will be probably much
extended. The land requires to be rich,
deep, and somewhat moist. The rows
should be at least thirty inches apart, and
the plants not less than twenty-four or
twenty-six inches. The two best varieties
for field cultivation, are the Drumhead and
the York.

Levi Parker, of Wilmington, states that
Pines and other evergreen trees pruned in
the latter part of May or early in June will
not bleed or be injured by the operation of
pruning. He tested them by many trials.

Original Sketch.

Written for the Mercury.

SOUNDS & TONGUES FROM HOME.

"THE MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS,"
mentioned in the old copy books, (with
down strokes heavy and up strokes light,)
have almost all of them written of their
travels, and the wondrous things they
have seen by sea and by land. A Howadij
from the far East—the Oriental East—not
the "Down East"—brings us a burden
of flowers fragrant with Lotus blooms;
and as the senses grow dreamy inhaling
their voluptuous perfume, he sings in our
ears a strange, dreamy melody, like the
humming of many bees on a midsummer
morn—of many bees that have hummed
themselves hoarse because they have the
hives—and then another of the many
comes to us who has ridden with Kit Car-
son over great sandy deserts where men
cannot live, and through inaccessible
swamps and dense forests, where the foot of
man has never trodden. Who has revelled
with jolly priests in Mexican villages with
long names, until the small hours are un-
to nothing; and has seen men and wo-
men, houses and cattle, that were fearfully
and wonderfully made. And yet another
of these many minded genies appears
chanting a solemn ballad of the Cannibal
Islands, which he assures us he caught
from the lips of their regal king—it is sup-
posed to refer to some high festival, where
rate missionaries were going 'round doing
good under the fostering care of New Zea-
land turnips. His Majesty consults his
"brave companions," partners of his toils,
upon the propriety of the vegetables being
submitted to proper culinary treatment,
before they adorned the gay and festive
board, in the following remarkably signifi-
cant language, sung in a wild, Druidical
chant, a la Norma:

"Hokee! Pokee! winkee wum—
How do you like your taters done!
Dish 'em with their golden skin—
Said the King of the Cannibal Islands.

And then he goes on to describe the gorge-
ous feast, of the many courses which it
took, how it was eaten on the grass—for
that was *a la mode*—how the mission-
aries were eaten first, as a kind of founda-
tion for other good things, and how the
good cheer dwindled away until the des-
ert was a salad of their salary. But
even these marvellous stories come to an
end, and we are tempted to indulge in the
remark of a bluff sea captain on his first
introduction to the Arabian Nights, that
he "didn't believe a word of 'em." And
others come to us from the great West,
who have discovered where mighty rivers
"roll and bear no sound save their own
dashing," who have explored unknown
inland seas. They tell us their stories and
we crown them with green bays; and then
from the frigid Arctic a band of brave men
return, who went out to see not "a reed
shaken by the wind," but a Kane shivering
with the cold—and they tell us of the long
journeys they made over the glittering ice
under the steel-like stars that were trem-
bling and winking in the icy breath of an
Arctic winter night; but they still sped
on in their little sledges with a dogged
determination until the dogs died; how
the great icebergs towered above them
towards the distant heaven, where the white
clouds were fixed and motionless like frozen
foam on a sea of icy blue, lowering upward
all around them like monuments over the
eternal grave of summer and of sunshine;
where the night is long and dark and
piercing; where cock-crowing and the
morning come but seldom—for tradition
saith that civilization that ushers in the
day was congealed to a state of consoli-
dation far surpassing the monumental mar-
ble whilst taking his nocturnal snooze,
immediately after the fatiguing week of
the Creation, upon the most convenient
spot in Nature's great Hen House, to wit,
the North Pole!

All these have told us stories of their
travels, and why shouldn't I tell mine?—
Readers! I, the author of this article,
have been to—New York! I have been
there; I have returned, in the words of a
great General, whose name is not worth
remembering. "I went—I saw—I came
back again." And, therefore, I propose
to divide my discourse into three heads, a
kind of modern, aristocratic Sir-B-Rus-
First—How I went! Secondly—What I
saw! And finally, in what way I came
back again; and afterwards, I will "point
a moral" towards you, and "adorn a tail"
by cutting it short.

How the great engine clangs and beats
and throbs, like the heart of a mighty
"giant refreshed with wine." Watch its
heavy, sinewy arms as they strike down-
ward, as if to crush the solid oak into
shivers, and then rise again with such a
seeming consciousness of strength and
power, that is almost latent and sleeping
now, but only awaits the shrill yell of the
steam fiend to burst its iron prison, to
unshackle its riveted fetters, to cease
beating the foaming waters with its strong

hands, and to rise towards the skies in a
hot, white cloud, with the trembling spir-
its of the dead upon its bosom and the
shrieks of the dying mingling with its
hoarse roar of triumph.

Now the lights of the city are growing
dimmer and dimmer, and the red-eyed
lanterns upon the wharf-head that glared
out upon the dark waters, get smaller
and less distinct, until, like many books,
they *ain't red at all*. The illuminated dial
of the State House clock looks more and
more like a little full moon, the straining
paddles of the steamer turn the green
waves up in foam, and Newport, the
quaint, old-fashioned city that we all
love so well, whose air is so salted from
the ocean, that all we hear or see there is
to be taken "cum grano salis," fades away
and is left far behind. Now, the long
swells come in from the ocean, and I know
that we are not far from Beaver Tail—
The light house is there, tall and white,
and very tight-headed—as Longfellow hath
it—wading out among reefs and shoals and
breakers, like a giant with a torch in his
extended hand to warn the mariners to bear
away. With what a surge and roar the
waves break upon the rocks and crawl up
the cliffs with their thousand hands until
Old Ocean drags them back again. But
we are now coming to the point—Judith.

Round and round the lantern goes, as if dizzy
with looking down at the sea that is always
troubled and hath no rest, except the rest
of it. I hear sundry suspicious and re-
markable sounds from the saloon and cabin,
and from the loud and repeated ocries
for bowls, I should judge that the "Three
Wise men of Gotham" were on board with
their numerous descendants, still inclined
to their original and peculiar manner of
"going to sea." The small, but very
select whist party in state-room No.—, have
also thrown up their hands, and are dig-
ging into their berths as though spades were
trumps; and the dealer has evidently sadly
unconstrued the character of the game,
for he is on "all fours," and on the floor,
making sundry remarkable noises, which
betoken a rise in breadstuffs. A gentle-
man supposed to have been engaged, from
his vernacular, in the traditional attempt
the Dutch once made to take Holland, is
uncomfortably occupying the next room to
me, evidently suffering from a severe
dread of falling into the mighty deep, for I
hear him say occasionally, with an accom-
paniment of groans, "I tink I shall be
overboard;" and this is invariably suc-
ceeded with a rushing liquid sound, which
induces me to believe that he is already
poured over, if not *overboard*. But gradu-
ally these sounds all cease, and nothing is
heard but the monotonous clang of the
engine and the roaring of the water as it
rushes by. I feel the leaden mace de-
scending silently, but surely upon me—
"and so to sleep, perchance to dream."
(Hang that mosquito!) "Ay! there's the
rub!"

Beautiful Dreamland! How it blends
all the bright memories of the Past and the
dazzling hopes of the Future in a Present
that is too ecstatic and glorious to be last-
ing or real. De Quincy tells us that in the
"dead waste and middle of the night,"
gorgeous processions, clad in glittering
array, passed in martial splendor before his
sleep-sealed vision. He heard loud bursts
of music and peans of triumph. He saw
embazoned banners and burnished shields
of Kings and Warriors that live but in ro-
mance. He revelled in the smiles and
sunshine of beauty, which had long turned
to dust, and even the remembrance of it
only lingered in the ballad of some last
minstrel, the opium eater's intoxicated
visions were magnificent, but rocked to
sleep by the swell of the deep waters,
soothed by the dull, ceaseless beat of the
engine, in one of those state rooms that
have always been small and cramped and
will always remain "in statu quo," I have
slept soundly and "dreamed dreams" that
were too bright and happy to be told; too
fair to be remembered. Thus I dreamed
on this night. It was a sound sleep on the
Sound. Heligste was passed unnoticed,
although its mad waters have often been a
fitting "deceitful avern," and I awoke
only to consciousness when the steamer
brought up with a thump on Pier No. 1,
North River. The women screamed and the
men shouted, the steam roared and shrieked
at its recovered freedom, I took a hack
which speedily landed me at "mine own
inn," and this concludes the first head of
my Tale—How I went to New York.

The secondary consideration is—What
I saw!
There are many things to see and phi-
losophize about in great cities. They are
the museum collections of human nature—
the cattle shows of intelligent (bipedes)—the
Louvres of animated statues and paintings,
good, bad and indifferent. How fully one
realizes this in an afternoon parade on the
fashionably sunny side of Broadway,—the
great tide of human beings ebbs and flows
at stated intervals. Mammon and Misery
—Pomp and Poverty—Virtue and Vice
float on its surface side by side. There is
the sharp, clipper mad of business, with
an "A No. 1 copper fastened" look, sail

all set, bound for Wall Street—in ballast
in the pockets. May Mammon grant him
favorable gales to his golden Eldorado and
profits enough to pay Charon, the last dread
helmsman, his meagre fare across the Styx,
and put the balance to the credit of his
heirs. Here drifts along a good natured
philosopher, a very epicurian, with a
smooth, oily, self-satisfied aspect—like a
home-bound whalerman after a good voyage
—his tonnage is great. I should judge in
these temperance days, he would carry two
quarter casks. He has many craft as he
floats down, with a "Halloo, old boy!"
and sundry other maritime ejaculations of
a similar nature, conveying an impression
that many different vessels must bear the
same name, and be bound for the same
port—and so they are. Jove! grant the
Epicure may have a choice morsel as "a
sup for Cerberus," when Time furls his
canvass, and the dark pilot Death takes the
helm to beach the old, unseaworthy craft,
where "he that enters leaves Hope behind."

Here comes one whose cheek would flush,
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl, whose fingers thin,
Worked the way, bowdler to
Shaping from her biter thought,
Hearts' ease and forget-me-not;
Saturating her despair,
With the emblems waves there."

Yes! Here she comes, a pleasure
yacht with very light draft, raking masts
and slender spars, with whitening sails
that swell voluptuously to the wooing
breeze of Fortune, but would shiver to
rage and tatters in the rude blast of Ad-
versity. For some strange cause her owner
has turned her to business account and
she must be homeward bound from some
modern Tyre, for she carries a deck-load of
silks and satins, and "purple and fine
linen," whilst below she is heavily laden
with assorted whalebone. Her canvass was
all set, and although at first I thought she had
"doubled the Cape," not yet had Ocean's
breath shaken from her rigging the odors
and perfumes of distant tropical lands that
are basking in perpetual sun-heat. The
sabeen odor lingers around her like memories
of "Araby the blest!" and yet she is
not worth a scent for the real purposes of
every-day life. She is fair to look upon,
but an aquatic excursion from "Green-
land's Icy Mountains" to "India's Coral
Strands," even in pursuit of the luxuries
of life, would, to use a sailor's phrase,
"knock her into a cocked hat." And they
call her the Belle, the woman of
Fashion. There are many such afloat
when the sun is out, and the waves are
blue and dancing, they skim our silver
lakes, or cut the sparkling waters of our
flowing rivers,—(and take champagne.) I
have seen them braving the billows of our
beach at Newport; but they always "go
ashore" in the long run. But enough of
this. There are thousands of these vessels,
as I have called them. You can meet
them at any time. But judge them not
too harshly, lest you be judged yourself.
If your vessel, like mine, run close in upon
reefs that we have failed to notice on the
chart, whenever the sea runs hard and
heavily, remember this old rhyme, rough
but true; and, as Capt. Cuttle said,
"When heard, make a mark!"

"In all the shifting winds of life,
In poverty and riches—
If fate should send a head bent low,
Just—ease her when she pitches."

Moralizing thus, I found I had sauntered
far down Broadway—"the shades of night
were falling fast," I was hungry, and
thought supper would be "Exceller." Al-
ready the gas lights were glimmering
on the street, and the shop-windows were
beginning to pour forth their night-blond-
ing series of radiance. The drug stores on
the corners were magnificent in their refu-
gence. The blue bottles looked apoplec-
tic, the red ones terribly feverish, the
yellow ones gave us a vivid idea of jaun-
dice, and the soda fountains ejecting that
refreshing beverage from the summit of
their heads, in a *Jupiter a la Minerve*ish
manner, seemed to babble of green fields
and brooks and—so forth. With one of
those cabalistic gestures of the digits, I
stopped an omnibus, plunged, regardless
of my hat or others toes, into its cavernous
recess, and in fifteen minutes found myself
snuggly at supper, with "an attending
Ethiopian at my nod," and a feeling of pecu-
liar "genuineness in my gastronomic organs."
That night I saw "Rachel." From my
boyhood there has always been a kind of
fascination to me about a theatre. I well
remember my first impressions of the bril-
liant chandeliers and mysterious foot-lights,
the rustle of fans and the flashing of
bright eyes and jewels in the boxes, and
the crowd of upturned faces in the pit, the
fairy-like scenes that glowed upon the
curtain, and the burst of music from the
orchestra as the house was deluged with a
sudden cataclysm of light, and then when
the play began, how I have leaned over
the box in wrapt attention to catch the
faintest whisper of the beautiful peasant
girl, whose heart was breaking, and all for
love; but whom I discovered shortly after
was the anything rather than virtuous off-
spring of the red-faced woman who sold
apples in the lobby. How I have won-
dered at the whiskered Brigand Chief,

who swore that blood was his only pastime,
and had firearms enough about his person
to figure as "Ancient Pistol" in the play.
Now his blood-stained hands were raised
towards the black heaven to witness a
fearful vow of vengeance on the "true
lover" of the aforesaid offspring of the red-
faced woman, and by and bye those self
same hands, will be busily employed behind
the scenes in putting the finishing polish
to a pair of dilapidated boots, to appear in
the farce as the Walking Gentleman.—
Well! such is life. The gist of Corporal
Trim's remark was "To day we are, and
tomorrow we ain't." And some one else
has sagely remarked that Life is more like
an omnibus than a stage, for we have a
long ride with little change. I was disap-
pointed in Rachel. She is not what I an-
ticipated, although, perhaps, my ideal of
her was too elevated. All the newspapers,
as my friend R— says, had fairly
dripped with her; the leading periodicals
were full of her merits; in fact, I had
heard of her as the very embodiment of
tragedy itself. I saw her in the character
of Tisbe—in Victor Hugo's Tragedy of
Angelo. It abounds, as the French drama
always does, with amours, jealousy and
suicide. By a singular coincidence, all
the men in it love everybody's wives but
their own, and the females pursue a similar
mysterious course with regard to all their
friends' husbands. Eventually there is a
grand denouement, they are all jealous,
and the principal characters terminate their
respective mortal careers in a variety of
unpleasant and unnatural manners. The
American dramatic taste is too Shakspearian
to appreciate or enjoy the French school
of tragedy, and Mad'le Rachel is decidedly
the exemplar of this school. She exhibits
in her acting, as her strongest points, those
soul-absorbing, thrilling, but unnatural
passions—insanities I might call them—
which now and then sweep like tornadoes
over the social character of the French as
individuals, or darken with tempests their
political horizon as a nation. In her love
she is so very intense, that we shrink
from its very heat as from a fire that would
consume, not warm. And her hatred is
demoniacal, not human. Whilst we are
appalled, and wonder that she can portray
such depths of feeling—whilst we are sur-
prised that she could have acquired, even
in the Hospitals of Paris, among the ag-
onized sufferers, the dying and the dead,
such horribly convulsive throes in her death
struggle. We regret that all this is so
distorted and unnatural, real though it
may appear to us at the time, for her
genius is great enough to enchain and lead
us away captive for the hour. But when
the lights are out, and the play is over, the
sober second thought comes, and we are
disappointed. We remember it as we do
the shattered recollections of a dream that
has visited us in the night watches and
chilled our pulses with fear. We think
that it must have occurred, and yet we
know that it could not.

This is my impression of Rachel. In
other characters she may be different, but
I should think her acting too intense to
admit of variety or change. She is not a
Mrs. Siddons, for Rachel could no more
personate the proud, ambitious, unscrupu-
lous Lady Macbeth, than Siddons could
play the role of the feverish, passionate,
jealous, Tisbe. To the French, she is
unquestionably the greatest tragedienne
that lives; but we Americans are too prac-
tical, or philistine, if you will, to entirely
appreciate her genius or to accord her so
exalted a position among the Thespian
votaries of the age.

But the curtain falls. The tragedy is
followed by a farce, and just as the hands
upon the city clocks are clasped together
towards the skies, the last roar of laughter
dies away, the great green curtain comes
down with an emphatic clump, there is a
rushing crowd towards the entrance, and
a smell of gas about the house as the
lights are turned off. And bye and bye,
when the City Hall bells toll *one*! and the
fire alarms catch up the last pulsing
echo and shriek and jangle it out again
and again upon the startled air of the mid-
night, the theatre is dark and deserted;
Tragedy and Comedy are gazing with
stony eyes at each other from their niches
in the cold, dark boxes, and Shakspeare's
semblance stands in the proscenium with
his death-sealed, sightless orbs turned on
the stage where he was murdered.

How still and quiet the great city was as
I walked towards my hotel. Broadway
was deserted, save when an occasional
carriage dashed past with the horses feet
striking fire from the jarring pavement.
Now and then the distant shout of revellers
would be heard for a moment and then
die away. I felt lonely at the ringing
sound of my own footsteps. In the sky,
the Goddess Night was pouring a rippling
flood of silver radiance from her golden
goblet upon a sleeping world, and the stars
were looking down upon us as silently and
watchfully as they shed their light upon
the Shepherds in Bethlehem many, many
years ago. There is something strange
and mysterious about a great city at mid-

night; the stillness is unnatural, and it
has often seemed to me that the phantoms
of those who lived a hundred years ago
are treading the streets silently and noise-
lessly to watch how the tide of Life and
Progress ebbs and flows along. Think of
the strong men slumbering well at mid-
night, and now and then tossing in their
rest, as a vision of greatness or of glory
dazzles their never-sleeping souls. Think
of the maidens in the heart of that great
city sleeping so quietly and well, and
dreaming dreams of love and happiness
that can never be realized. Think of vice
in its haunts and misery for the time
blessed in the sweet forgetfulness of the
lethargic world. At the dead of the night
there are many under the earth sleeping
the sleep that knows no waking, and I
have thought it would be a blessed thing,
if many of the living could have their little
lives rounded with the eternal rest, so that
dreaming of heaven on this earth, they
might pass away to its glorious home
forever. Think of the rosy cheeked
child that has folded his tiny hands in
prayer at some fond mother's knee, and
whose soft curls have been soothingly
smoothed to rest on the pillow by the kindest
hand that a long life ever gives to us.
—a mother's. Picture the little child fol-
lowing a sleep and waking in Paradise.
How much better than to live the long,
long years of a lifetime, for through their
warm run many dark cords, with now and
then a broken thread of gold. Picture—
but no! I will picture nothing; but will
leave idealizing and realize my bed.—
My feet ache with their long walk, and my
eyelids are beginning to droop like a cor-
pulent wren's in the moulting season; and
so to bed, and, as the Irishman appealed
to the sleep: God, thus do I: "May Mur-
phy scatter puppies on my pillow," which
being literally translated into our less figu-
rative vernacular, meaneth "May Morpheus
scatter puppies on my pillow."

The next morning I visited the "Tombs,"
as it is called, the great city prison. But
reader, understand me, I went as a visitor,
making my entrance on the strength of
my personal appearance and my exit with
the assistance of a check which was given
me by one of the jailers, so that I might
not be checked in leaving. The strong
stone walls contain much of misery and
degradation—much of black crime and
agonizing repentance. I saw there, Tur-
ner, Baker and Paugene who figured in
the Poole Tragedy, looking as unconcerned
and indifferent as though outside the prison
walls, guiltless of crime and free from the
Law's iron fetters. Afterwards in wander-
ing along one of the galleries, a keeper
pointed out to me a Murderer! under sen-
tence of death, "to be hung by the neck
until he is dead." He was a young and
not ill-looking German, who had killed his
paramour in a fit of jealousy. The fellow
looked indifferent enough to his fate—al-
though I understood that one week from
that day—he would be led out to the gal-
lows, clad in his white shroud, with his
arms pinioned for the long, last leap into
Eternity, and as I gazed at him with deep-
er feelings than mere morbid curiosity,
the scene passed before me—he will stand
under the swinging rope, above the heads
of the people—glancing hurriedly around
as if for that Hope which will never come,
and then turn his staring eyes upward,
"As tho' he was standing in doubt and fear
The path of the Spirit's unknown career,"
but the black cap shuts out the last light
of the Earth, the rope grates harshly on his
neck and the hangman's fingers are clam-
my and trembling. Oh! God! think of
his anguish, his remorse, his horror; to
hang like a living human pendulum be-
tween Time and Eternity, marking with
its own agonized vibrations—the length of
its last dying seconds,—how still it is
in the Prison yard—it is almost over—it
is over!

"The bolt is drawn, the Spirit is gone,
For weal or for woe is known but to One."
As I passed through the last corridor on
my way to the entrance, I saw a crowd of
miserable wretches committed for drunk-
enness and vagrancy. The squalid, filthy
appearance of most of them, and the air
of broken down respectability of others,
forcibly impressed me and I thought if
the "Maine Law," so called, was not suc-
cessful in its workings, would that we
could discover some other mighty means
to destroy or chain this Moloch that is de-
vouring the pride, the hope, the genius and
the industry of our broad and beautiful
land. Almost everything but real, manly
worth may be preserved in liquor.

I could give a few other rough sketches
of scenes in my visit to New York, but
great travellers, I have heard, are not very
minute, and even Gulliver never referred
to small things, whilst telling his large
stories of the little Lilliputians, so I will
here close the fauet of my memory and
draw off a few draughts from the spigot of
my recollection concerning my return
home, and sundry events connected therewith.

At four of the clock on Saturday after-
noon, the good steamer Metropolis, after
chaffing and fretting at the pier for full an

hour, cast loose her fasts, and with a might-
y trembling and vibration that shook the
giant craft from stem to stern, went out
upon the water like a levitation of the great
deep. A benighted and belated individual,
in haste and out of breath, with a russet
valise and profane ejaculations, reached
the landing, just as we shoved off, and in
an imploring manner requested us to stop.
—but we did not stop.

The sun was just sinking behind the
towers of the distant churches, gilding the
tapering spires with a flood of gold and
flashing over the windows in a blaze of
crimson fire—from the tall chimneys of the
factories, where labor was beating with
its thousand sinewy arms—to build steamers
that will bridge the ocean—and Fire
Horses to go yelling and shrieking through
the length and breadth of our land,
with their freight of human beings, where
they were forging the glowing metal into
mighty engines of strength, or were draw-
ing it out in long coils of shining wire,
that will one day stretch from "pole to
pole," and burn and tremble with the light-
ning messengers it bears along—from these
tall, dark chimneys floated out like banners,
clouds of murky smoke, trailing its dusky
length in the blue, clear air of the evening.
The ripe, ruddy glow of the twilight fades
away as we near the Sound and the stars
come out. The steamer ploughs the green
waves in furrows of foam and as the dark-
ness gathered over the waters—they are
sown with seeds of fire from the blazing
furnaces. As the night grows gloomier,
the wind increases to a gale, and the "Me-
tropolis" staggers and reels in the sea,
like a drunken Hercules. The light-houses
gleam and flicker on the unseen shore,
where the surf-draughts are beating heavily.
Hour after hour I paced the forward deck
and meditated and ruminated in a manner
worthy a Philosopher. The waters around
glowed like a sea of molten iron and now
and then the bow of the boat would bury
itself in a monster wave, that seemed
for a moment threatening to engulf us,
and then proudly rose again, tossing aloft
the phosphor glowing water in a torrent of
foam and sparkles, as far as the eye could
reach in every direction on either quarter
and far, far astern were angry waves
mounting each on the other like wolves
with fiery eyes and blood-red jaws and
foamy breasts, bounding onward in mad
pursuit of their victim.

Having decided to remain out of my
narrow bed all that night, I lit a cigar and
ensconced myself just forward of the Pilot
house in a sheltered nook to watch how the
night went on. Soon I began to dream
under the combined influence of the world
of water around me—and the scathing
purple smoke from the little "weed" I
held between my lips, tipped with whiten-
ing ashes and crested with fire.

The wind was singing a lullaby in my
ears and the waves were all beautiful maid-
ens, stretching out their white arms and
beckoning me. In truth, Lorely was not
fairer, but the vision vanished and there
came a dream of quiet happiness. The
red lamps of the light-house was the cheer-
ful, ruddy blaze of hickory logs on a New
England hearthstone, I heard a voice at
my side low and sweet, and a young face
looked up so lovingly at me and with such
trusting confidence in my malice as I
fear reality will never give me. There was
the prattling of a child near me and now
and then as I half heard the word "Father"
I had an undefined consciousness that in
some way or other, directly or indirectly,
it referred to me.

The logs burned brighter and brighter
on the hearthstone, and up the great chim-
ney the wind roared and laughed, but what
heeded I, there was a soft, warm hand
clapped within mine own—there was
there was—a loud report accompanied with
a tremendous shock. I thot' some mis-
chievous archer had charged the bag-log
with gunpowder—but the archer was inno-
cent of the charge. The simple fact was,
we had come up to the Long Wharf in
Newport with somewhat of a concussion
and with the wharf I will dock off my
story.

Daily Labor.

God never allowed any man to do noth-
ing. How miserable is the condition of
those men who spend their time as if it
were given them, and not lent; as if hours
were waste creatures, and such as should
never be accounted for—as if God would
take this for a good bill of reckoning; item
spent upon my pleasures forty years!—
These men shall once find that no blood
can privilege idleness, and that nothing is
more precious to God than that which they
desire to cast away.—Bishop Hall.

A Geologist Explained.

An old bachelor geologist was boasting
that every rock was as familiar to him as
the alphabet. A lady, who was present,
declared that she knew of a rock of which
he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, Mad-
am!" cried Cæsar, in a rage. "It is
rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady.—
Cæsar evaporated.

We learn from the *Mercury* that the New Bedford Flouring Mill will go into operation about the middle of the month.

PLINY says that the ashes of the papyrus will promote sleep, if swallowed with a draught of wine, and that the paper itself, if moistened with water,

a sailor's grave stone in the Brook-
ly Yard are the following words to
it: " Nobly he did his duty below,

WINE PRODUCING IN THE UNITED STATES.—It is predicted by those who pay attention to this subject, that within 25 years the United States will not only supply the American people with the pure juice of the grape, but will become the largest wine exporting nation in the world.

DIVORCES.—We learn from our reports that the Supreme Court during the present term in this county have granted thirty-five petitions for divorce. Talk about *Love!*—*Prov Post.*

The Washington Union publishes a
sent by Mr. Buchanan to the Lon-
Times, contradicting the assertion of
Times, that he had made assurances of
government sympathising with England
the present European war. This note
Times refused to publish.

THE SUGAR CROP.—The crop of
island sugar for 1855 is estimated at
000 hogsheads against 346,635 hogsheads
last year. If this is correct, high prices
will prevail, unless foreign countries

SPEAKING OF GRAMMAR.—'Well, my dear said a knight of the rod, 'can you de-
a kiss !'
'Yes, sir, said the girl, dropping
perplexed courtesy, 'I can, but I hate
most plaguiy.

Jenny Lind is now in Paris, on her
to London, to sing for the benefit of
Nightingale Fund.

There is a printing office in London
capable of printing the Lord's prayer
these hundred different languages.

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